

THE LUTE.

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MADAME HOPE GLENN.

ALTHOUGH an American by birth, the lady whose portrait is now presented to subscribers of *THE LUTE*, has been for some time so honourably connected with this country, and so closely identified with its musical institution, that she may without any stretch of courtesy be classed amongst the English representatives of the art. The pleasant days of childhood were passed by Hope Glenn in Iowa city, whither she went with her family when removing from Pittsburgh, her native place. They were years made happy by the loving care and personal influence of her father, Mr. John Glenn, whose high position brought with it opportunities of placing his child in association with cultured and worthy people. Attention was first called to her vocal endowments whilst at school in Chicago, and so highly were they esteemed that her musical education was specially entrusted to Mr. F. W. Root, whose efforts soon brought to light the fact that his scholar was by nature destined to move in a far more extended sphere than that of a local amateur. The beauty of her full-toned voice and the natural method with which it was exercised, marked her out as one eminently fitted for the life of a professional vocalist. It was, however, not without difficulty that her parents were prevailed upon to overcome the prejudice which they, in common with many others at that time, entertained regarding the propriety of a public career. Eventually those scruples were removed, and the young lady was taken to Paris to study under the accomplished Madame Viardot Garcia, whose tuition laid the foundations of future success.

In order to qualify herself for the lyric stage, Miss Hope Glenn resorted to Milan to obtain the advantage of instructions from the celebrated singing-master, Signor Lamperti, and in due time she became a candidate for honours accruing from appearances as a leading contralto upon the boards of an Italian theatre. So fully equipped was the young lady in every respect, in quality of voice, in completeness of training, and in attractiveness of presence, that it was not long before she secured an engagement for fifty nights at the opera house in Malta, where she appeared as Pierotto in *Linda di Chamounix*, as Nidia in the *Last days of Pompeii*, as Nancy in *Marta*, and as Magdalena in *Rigoletto*, and her artistic mode of representing the several characters won for her the unanimous favour of a public not given to partiality or concealment of opinion. But, notwithstanding the fair prospects now laid open to view, Miss Hope Glenn decided at a time when fairly launched upon a prosperous career to abandon the stage for good and all. This decision was brought about chiefly by the success which attended her debut at the Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall, followed immediately by appearances at the Saturday Concerts in the Crystal Palace, which led at once to engagements from all parts of the country to sing the contralto music in oratorio.

That stage experience and reputation are not always advantageous on the platform of the concert-room is constantly made evident by audiences refusing in performances of oratorio to endorse the glowing reports of artists in favour with the public in opera. Miss Hope Glenn's reception, however, was so thoroughly satisfactory, not to say flattering, as to induce her to devote herself entirely to that branch of the art obtaining exposition in the concert-room. Her ability as an interpreter of English Ballads and German Lieds is so well known as to need no further comment, whilst her talents as a contralto singer in oratorio were fully displayed at the last Worcester Festival. In 1885 Miss Hope Glenn accompanied Madame Christine

Nilsson on a concert tour in America, when she was so highly appreciated as to instantly secure engagements for the following year, and on her visit in 1888 she gained laurels at the musical festival at Worcester, Mass. Miss Hope Glenn sang also at concerts in Canada as well as in the United States. Her public appearances in England, now on tour in the Provinces with Madame Adelina Patti, now with Madame Christine Nilsson, and now with Madame Albani, are so recent as to be fresh in the memory of all interested in music of the concert-room.

CURRENT NOTES.

It is with deep sorrow we announce the death of Mr. Michael Watson, a colleague whose contributions have so often graced the pages of *THE LUTE* with music as varied as excellent. The decease of the popular composer, which took place on Thursday, the 3rd of October, was an event that came as a surprise to all but relatives and intimate friends. Only a few days before his departure Mr. Watson was to be seen following the duties of his profession without any apparent fatigue; yet, notwithstanding his general good health and robust frame, there were some who observed indications that the severe and protracted illness which visited him two or three years ago had enfeebled his constitution. Unhappily, the malady from which he had suffered returned in the last week of September with fatal effect. Mr. Michael Watson's life was one of toil. Whilst a lad studying under his father, a professor of music at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was so moved by fascinations of the painters' art as to forsake lessons in pianoforte and harmony for studies in colour and design. What the results of eight years' work were we have had no means of knowing, save by pencil sketches taken of friends in moments of leisure. When he adopted music, the rejected of his youth, he found, as a matter of course, all the desirable positions occupied. But patience and perseverance were not again to go unrewarded, and though the struggle was hard and the years of labour were many, yet he reached fame ultimately. For are not many of his songs, written as well as composed by him, amongst the most popular vocal pieces of the present day? But the full time of harvest he was, alas, not permitted to reach. Mr. Watson was well advanced in middle life before reaping fruits of his industry, and died at the comparatively early age of fifty, leaving behind him a widow and family of children without adequate means of support, but not without friends. His geniality and uprightness won the esteem of all who came in contact with him, while his works have made amateurs and the musical public generally indebted to him, a debt that should now be paid with liberality to his bereaved family. Mr. Watson was buried on Monday, October 7, in the cemetery at Forest Hill. Besides the chief mourners his funeral was attended by Mr. E. A. Willis, Mr. Theodore Distin, Mr. Horscroft, Mr. Turle Lee, Mr. Jefferies, Mr. B. Williams, Mr. Enoch, Mr. Seymour Smith, and many others who deplore the loss they have sustained.



How to spend a pleasant Sunday evening in winter is a question that concerns a considerable number of the inhabitants of this vast metropolis. The hours of daylight are then, also, too few, and the way is too long for them to take a trip to the ever-receding country which encompasses with its fields and woods the aggregation of cities called London lying obscure in mists and fogs. Unhappily, the church fails to attract their presence, and the chapel, once the resort of toiling mechanics, no longer supplies their needs. Picture galleries are closed, lecture rooms silent, museums unopened, and nowhere in the unlovely streets is the entertainment longed for to be found. Stay, in the City there is one secular building which opens its doors to the seeker of relief from weariness, and strange to say that, until recently, was called a chapel; it is to be found in South Place, Finsbury, where discourses of a deistical tendency are heard on Sunday mornings, but where classical music, dislodging the talker altogether, lifts up its voice in strains both instrumental and vocal. That the voice is heartily welcome was convincingly shown by the eager crowds besieging the doors on Sunday, October 6th, when the committee of the Sunday Popular Concerts gave their first performance this season. The works performed on that occasion were Beethoven's trio in C minor for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello; Beethoven's pianoforte cantata in C sharp minor, and Sterndale Bennett's trio in A for piano and strings, with pieces for violin and 'cello, by Fischer, Pepper, and Kalliwoda, the executants being Miss Kate Cheyne, Mr. Polonaski, and Mr. Roese. Though all in the programme gave pleasure to the general audience, yet there were *connoisseurs* present who could scarcely help regretting that Beethoven's magnificent compositions should have been chosen to display talents which might have been more satisfactorily employed upon music of a simpler order. Mr. Herbert Thorndike was the vocalist of the evening.

It is not improbable that London will be deprived of Mr. Edward Lloyd's services during the whole of the forthcoming fashionable season, that is, from March to July of next year, as he is now in negotiation with committees of the musical festivals to be held within those months in Cincinnati, Boston, and Chicago, the intervening dates to be filled up with a concert tour in the States. Whilst felicitating him upon well deserved success we cannot help expressing regret at the prospect of losing for so long a period from our concert-rooms services such as no other singer before the public can replace.

MR. N. VERT has for his new year's tour in the provinces engaged for six weeks a very attractive company of artists, the vocalists being Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Charles Wade, and Mr. Maybrick; the instrumentalists, Señor Albeniz, Herr Hollmann, and Signor Carlo Ducci.

In one of his charming essays, Charles Lamb describes the miseries of a man compelled to furnish every week "copy" of a farcical kind. It is no doubt an experience little short of martyrdom to be always baking and fizzing in the frying pan of wit. But it has its reward—it brings fame and wealth. Our comic men, writers and draughtsmen, actors and singers, are all now driving a flourishing trade, and the best of it is that their customers, the public, never trouble a jot about the quality of the wares so long as a grin is provoked by their exhibition. In sooth, Jacques was right in declaring "Motley is the only wear." This is the garb assumed by Mr. George Grossmith in his "humorous and musical recitals" which he is now giving in the Provinces with the greatest success.

To labour in the cause of serious and edifying music amongst the inhabitants of the East-end of London is not a service which a man would enter upon to gain either money or fame; but it has also its own reward, seeing that it brings happiness to the amateur or professor who, conscious of the dreariness of a toiling life, endeavours to lessen its gloom with sweetest and noblest strains. This is the object the committee of the "Popular Musical

Union" have in view, and so energetically and untiringly is their work carried on in the industrial districts that the oratorios *Elijah*, *Judas*, *Creation*, and *Messiah* are now being rehearsed for the purpose of giving public performances in Whitechapel and neighbouring places during the coming winter.

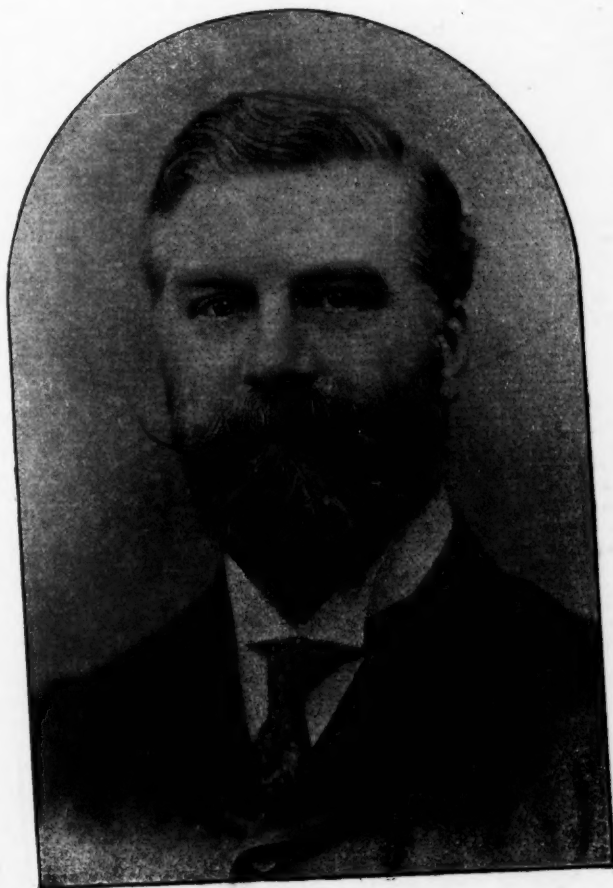
LETTERS from Australia contain good news of Mr. Santley and his professional tour, the eminent baritone being in the best of health and his concerts everywhere successful. Mr. Santley likes Australia, and in common with other lands Australia admires him. No wonder then that the vocalist has announced his intention to prolong his stay there until next March, but in April he will, with the sweet songsters of the grove, be again amongst us.

WHAT a useful and flourishing institution the Corporation of the City has established for the musical needs of London! We understand that 450 new students joined the "Guildhall School of Music" at the commencement of the Michaelmas term, the aggregate number of pupils being 3,400. To manage such an institution is no slight matter, but fortunately the Corporation has in the Principal, Mr. Weist Hill, and in the Secretary, Mr. C. P. Smith, officials so capable as to carry on the business of the "School" with invariable success.

To qualify him for the lyric stage, Mr. Charles Banks, the concert tenor, has been studying in Italy; with what result will be seen on the 9th of this month, when he will appear as "Edgardo" in Donizetti's *Lucia*, to be performed at Leeds on that day by the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

REPORTS from the country are unanimous regarding the progress of Mr. Sims Reeves's farewell tour. His old admirers are listening to him for the last time with great regret, while those who were till now strangers to his art are having the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the voice and style of one whose name will assuredly occupy considerable space in those pages of musical history recording performances of the nineteenth century.

INDUCED by the great success of the season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, the manager started a supplementary series on Saturday night, October 5th, with Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor. How much this popular musician contributed to the enjoyment of the audience might have been estimated by the uproarious welcome which greeted his appearance on the platform, and the immense applause accorded his waltz, "See-Saw," sung, as on former occasions, by Mr. Stedman's youthful choir. A novelty, so far as Covent Garden is concerned, was brought out, the piece being entitled *The Battle of Waterloo*, in which, of course, Mr. Crowe enacted the part of the hero, the Duke of Wellington. Who sustained the character of the opposing chief, the Emperor Napoleon, was not made known to the public, but the forces under his command were very much in evidence. They, the French, answered the drum beating, the trumpet blowing, and the cannon firing of the British with a noise so furious as to leave a doubt for some time in the mind of the deafened listener which side really was victorious. But the strains of the National Anthem at the last moment proclaimed the conqueror. That the piece was precisely to the taste of the audience was made unmistakably clear by the shout of triumph raised by the delighted crowd. One effect of the *Battle* will be to clear the air of those wild fancies which attributed to visitors of the "Promenades" the possession of artistic taste. Those who like ourselves have hitherto clung with tenacity to the notion that true art was laying hold of the masses must now for good and all banish such a delusion. Should any persist in hugging the belief let them watch the treatment accorded classical music, and they will find that Promenaders, so far honest, do not make the least pretence of loving or respecting it; while their hearts, as it were, leap out to a cacophony so hideous as *The Battle of Waterloo*.



MICHAEL WATSON.

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MR. JAMES H. SYKES, the enterprising manager, is providing for the entertainment of the inhabitants of Halifax a series of concerts of a very attractive character. The third of the series, on the 11th of November, is to be a ballad concert, with Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Mr. Henry Guy, as vocalists; the fourth, on the 13th of January, 1890, an instrumental performance; the fifth, on the 10th of February, a recital of chamber concert music, with M. Emile Sauret (violin), Herr Hausmann (violoncello), and Herr Stavenhagen (pianoforte); the sixth, on the 24th of March, a military concert, with the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Thomas.

THE Directors of the Royal Choral Society, a vocal body without a rival, have issued a capital prospectus for the season 1889-90. In the list of works to be performed at the Royal Albert Hall are the new cantatas, the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* (Dr. Parry), and the *Voyage of Maeldune* (Dr. Stanford). Dr. Mackenzie's setting of Mr. Joseph Bennett's beautiful poem, "The Dream of Jubal," and the cantata, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, by the same composer, are to form one evening's entertainment. Berlioz's *Faust* begins the season, and Sullivan's *Golden Legend* terminates it; while Handel's *Messiah*, and *Israel in Egypt*, with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, occupy prominent places in the scheme. Amongst the vocalists are the following:—Madame Albani, Miss Macintyre, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Henschel, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Blauwaert. Mr. W. Hodge is the organist, the conductor being, as usual, Mr. Joseph Barnby.

THE first Popular Concert of the season was fixed for Monday evening, October 28th, when Madame Neruda, Madame Haas, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti were announced to carry out a programme embracing Dvůřák's quartet in E flat, for stringed instruments; Brahms's Rhapsodie, and Chopin's Nocturne in B major, for pianoforte; Rüst's Sonata in D minor, for violin; and Chopin's introduction and polonaise, for pianoforte and violoncello.

WHAT the *Bohemian Girl* is in opera, such is the *Lady of Lyons* in drama, a female that in spite of wrinkles and infirmities is ever seen battling bravely with those who would dare the attempt to lay her for good and all upon the shelf. For self-preservation the venerable "lady" entices the support of fashionable actresses by offering them a character so interesting in speech and dress as Pauline, and secures the aid of embryo tragedians by providing them with Claude Melnotte's words of honied rhetoric. In days gone by, before advertisers displayed to public gaze the features of society's beauties, she gained the aid of Royal Academicians in the task of setting forth her charms, and now has succeeded in making a contract with a musician to protect her declining years. One result brought about by this union is change of name, the *Lady of Lyons* being henceforth known as the *Castle of Como*, a designation which has the inestimable advantage of preserving "alliteration's artful aid," though the letter affected happens not to be the same.

Under this title the "Lady" appeared on Wednesday, October 2nd, on the boards of the Opera Comique in a musical dress woven and shaped by Major George Cockle. Of course, the critics, as is their wont, turned the strongest light possible upon the seamy-side of the new garment, and discovered thereby that the material was not altogether sound, the fitting by no means perfect, and that the figure itself upon which so much trouble had been taken was not free from deformity. Now, this kind of treatment could be scarcely other than confusing to the composer who, having subjected his talents to the ordeal of an Oxford examination, had obtained the degree of Bachelor of Music. What man could, indeed, entertain a doubt as to the superior knowledge and wisdom of the gentlemen who had conferred upon him the honourable distinction? Were they not far better judges of merit than journalists could possibly be? Yet these writers for the press had not only the hardihood to ignore a certificate from Oxford, but also the effrontery to assert that the dispensers of favour at

that University knew nothing whatever about the lyric stage and its requirements. Perhaps the critics might, after all, be right. They may be really serving the candidate for operatic honours by directing him to the theatre as the most fitting place for the study of a craft demanding hard work as well as special talents of its followers. With stage experience, there is no reason why Major Cockle should not in the near future present the public with a romantic opera even more deserving of success than the *Castle of Como*.

THE Leeds triennial musical festival, held on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of the last month, was in some respects a great success. Whatever may be thought of its artistic results, the one thing specially gratifying is that the treasurer's balance-sheet showed that it was a paying concern—and is not that consideration more than sufficient to satisfy the majority of Yorkshiremen? What matters it, then, whether or not the programme was all that could be desired, or its performance above reproach, so long as the hall was every day crowded with folk proud of their town and liberal of their "brass." It is well that contentment is so easily and surely attained, since critical examination is apt to put the chorus of congratulations out of tune. If the programme be subjected to close investigation it will be found that many of its numbers were scarcely worthy of an occasion so rare and important. There would be some reason for asking why Berlioz's *Faust* was chosen to inaugurate festival proceedings. Does this "dramatic legend," with its sham sentiment and false glitter, represent art of the highest? London audiences, becoming tired of its pompous strains, have already begun to estimate its true value. In time amateurs of Leeds will be disposed to place it, all but the "March," upon the shelf. As Wagner's *Tannhäuser* cannot properly be heard at a provincial theatre, it was under the circumstances right and laudable to place an excerpt from it in the scheme.

BUT how about the new works? Why should the success of the whole enterprise be allowed to hang upon pegs so frail and uncertain? Besides attending to standard works the rehearsal of four new pieces quite wore out the heart of the chorus, hence the singing was pronounced imperfect. Perhaps the performance of these novelties afforded pleasure to a small section of the audience bent upon appeasing the cravings of curiosity, yet it must be confessed that the multitudes seeking pure enjoyment from the highest class of music were in most cases grievously disappointed. Not so, however, in Dr. Parry's cantata, *St. Cecilia's Day*, with which they were delighted. They tried hard to find pleasure in Dr. Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*, but without avail: they were unsatisfied with Mr. Corder's *Sword of Argantyre*; and thoroughly dismayed at the cacophony of Mr. Creser's *Sacrifice of Freia*. Had not the worthy people thronging the Town Hall been favoured with strains sweeter and holier than these, they would doubtless have been provoked to renounce for ever the festival and all its works. But, happily, they were presented with Bach's "God's time is the best," Schubert's "Mass in E flat," Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," together with Sullivan's beautiful cantata, *The Golden Legend*.

CHICAGO is jubilant over the great "Auditorium," a building now in course of completion, which is declared to be the biggest thing of the kind in the world. Besides a huge hotel it contains within its walls a hall which was used at the last Republican convention by an assembly of 11,000 persons. The formal opening of the "Auditorium" will take place on the 9th of December. Soon after that event Madame Adelina Patti, with Signor Tamagno, and other members of Mr. Abbey's company will give operatic performances in the theatre of the establishment, the stage capacity of which is said to be inferior only to that of La Scala at Milan.

FROM the prospectus of the Sunderland Philharmonic Society we learn that during its thirtieth season, 1889-90,

Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, Haydn's *Seasons*, and the cantata, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, will be performed, the vocalists engaged being Madame Alwina Valleria, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Eleanor Rees; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Signor Foli.

OUR suburban chora institutions are all now busy with weekly rehearsals. One of the most flourishing of them, the Bromley (Kent) Musical Society, has in hand Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, a work which affords delightful occupation, not only to the singers, but also to the instrumentalists, meeting periodically under the direction of Mr. F. Lewis Thomas.

It has often been laid to the charge of professing Christians that while precise and earnest in the discharge of religious duties on the Sunday, they are utterly oblivious during the working days of the week of the obligations which their profession imposes, thereby forfeiting any claim to consistency of conduct. In like manner cities which become feverishly active in a festival week, and then relapse into a state of absolute silence, as far as the highest art is concerned, for three long years, have no right to call themselves musical. Now Bristol is busy working to gain a thoroughly honourable distinction. The members of the Festival Society of that city are doing their best to keep in constant exercise their sweet voices lest they be found weak and out of tune when called upon to engage in oratorio performances. They have, therefore, very wisely resolved to give "intermediate festival concerts" in the Colston Hall on the first and second day of November, when they will be assisted by capable professional vocalists, and supported by Sir Charles Hallé with his renowned band.

At his farewell concert given on Saturday afternoon, October 12th, Otto Hegner sought to carry away with him to America the good opinion and best wishes of his London friends and admirers. To gain their favour he interpreted an excellent programme with even more than his usual skill. In two preludes and fugues by Bach he afforded proofs of sympathy with music of an ancient form; while in Beethoven's sonata (No. 3) for the pianoforte, he showed that the deep sentiment of the profoundest of musical poets was not altogether beyond his reach. Listening to his performance of this great composition, one became convinced that the master was well represented, a conviction that the childish presence of the player could not shake. Indeed, this union of tender age in the executant and majesty of idea in the composer, presents a phenomenon as surprising as delightful. Otto Hegner also gave two of Chopin's works in a style revealing that he had a true apprehension of their æsthetic significance. Generally speaking, pianists overlay the strains of the Polish writer with what they fondly imagine to be fine sentiment, but which is really nothing else than silly affectation. It was pleasant to hear the themes so uttered as not to remind one of the sobbings and ravings of a lover in a state of lunacy. By presenting Chopin's music stripped of the absurdities which have so long defaced it, the lad, Otto Hegner, is, unintentionally perhaps, doing a real service to art.

A NEW comic opera, entitled *La Prima Donna*, on the 19th ult., was brought out at the Avenue Theatre with a success that must have been gratifying to its composer, Signor Tito Mattel.

SEÑOR SARASATE gave the first of a series of farewell concerts at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 19th; the last will be held on Friday evening the 1st of November.

THE thirty-fourth series of Saturday concerts was inaugurated at the Crystal Palace on the afternoon of the 19th of October, with a performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, Sterndale Bennett's overture, "The Wood Nymph," and Sant-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor, with Madame Rogers-Miclos as soloist, Mr. Edward Lloyd being the vocalist.

HOLIDAY MUSIC IN HOLLAND.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

IT is both interesting and instructive to one taking holiday to watch the customs relating to the art of other nations. In England we are too prone to imagine that musical entertainments, and for the matter of that all other amusements should be brought down to a level whereon the intellect may not be subjected to any exercise whatever. How few towns in Great Britain are there where, during the long year, anything better in orchestral music than a valse, an operatic selection, or, at the best, an overture of the lightest kind can be heard? Generally speaking town authorities are content if, on the pier or parade, there is plenty of noise. In Bath, Scarborough, Buxton, and a few other places music of a superior kind is provided, yet only in a half-hearted way.

On the Continent one finds pleasure resorts with a really good orchestra. For instance, Schéveningue, the busy sea-side place in Holland at which I am now staying, there is a Kursaal with a concert hall capable of seating three thousand visitors. For some years past the band of the Berlin Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Herr Gustav Kogel, has, during the summer season, been heard therein. Occasionally, when the weather is fine and the atmosphere calm, the concert is held in the open air. Friday is reserved for classical works including symphonies by acknowledged masters of that, the highest branch of the art, and on that evening vocalists add to the interest of the entertainment. But no single day passes without a work of importance being given.

Amongst the pieces rendered during the past week were Beethoven's violin concerto with the overtures "Leonora (No. 3)," "Prometheus," and "Egmont"; the "Italian" symphony, "Midsummer Night" music, and violin concerto by Mendelssohn; the overture to "Zauberflöte," and the G minor symphony by Mozart; a goodly selection from Wagner's "orchestral-operas," with excerpts from the works of Bach, Haydn, Spohr, Raff, Liszt, Meyerbeer, and Weber.

To an ear accustomed to London orchestra, the tone of the Berlin band sounded at times a little unequal, as the "wind," both wood and brass, excelled in brilliancy the "strings." But for all that the united forces did remarkably good service, and were exceptionally fine in Wagner's music, the prelude to the third act of the *Meistersingers* being well nigh perfect. In music of another description their efforts did not reach so high a standard. The conductor lacking either interest or insight led the men under his command in a way as to cause them to stop short at mediocrity. Herr Kogel, well-nigh beyond reproach in Wagner's themes, and also in those of the romantic school represented by Weber, does not rise above the average ability of conductors when directing the compositions of writers emphatically termed classical.

Well, though the renderings do not at times reach the excellence to which we are accustomed when Richter or Manns leads, the performances, nevertheless, are so good as to silence complaint from any other than a dyspeptic critic. They are certainly esteemed highly by amateurs of the Hague and other musical centres, and are thoroughly enjoyed by visitors from distant countries. The only thing disturbing my present content is regret that music so bright and beautiful is not provided at towns on the coast of England.

Schéveningue, September 30th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



"LUTE

S. Luke
Isaiah

ORGAN

♩. = 54.



717.1462.

"LUTE" N^o 83.

Also published separately. PRICE 4d

TONIC SOL-FA 2d

TO HIS FRIEND ARTHUR PAGE, Esq., F.C.O.
AND THE CHOIR OF S. MARY'S CHURCH, NOTTINGHAM.

"THERE WERE SHEPHERDS."

S. Luke II.
Isaiah LII.

Anthem for Christmas.

ALFRED R. GAUL.

LONDON: PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT. MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

ANDANTE PASTORALE.

ORGAN
♩ = 54.

p Sw. Diapasons, Principal and Oboe. *sempre legato* *cresc.*

Soft 8 & 16 feet Pedal stops coup to Swell.

dim. *p*
sustain lowest G on Pedals

rall. *dim.* Attacca Recit.
lowest C on Pedal

2 CONTRALTO or BARITONE

"LUTE" 83.

Quasi Recit:

There were shepherds a - bid - ing in the field, keeping watch o - ver their

Organ as in Sym:

flocks by night.

Recit.

And,

Each time the Pastoral subject occurs the pace $\text{♩} = 54$ is to be observed

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glo - ry of the Lord shone round a - bout them: and they were

p tempo ad lib.

sore a - - fraid.

Recit:

tempo ad lib.

AIR.

a tempo

mf And the an - gel said un - to them, Fear not! for be -

mf

-hold, I bring you good ti - dings good ti - dings of great joy,

$\text{♩} = 112$

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ad lib.

were For un - to you is born this day In the ci - - ty of

senza gve

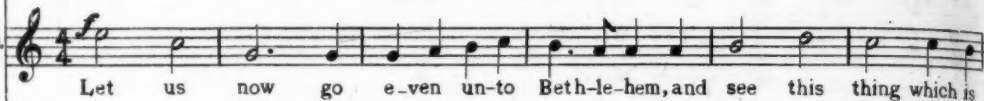
f Da - vid, a Sa - viour which is Christ is Christ the

SOLO.

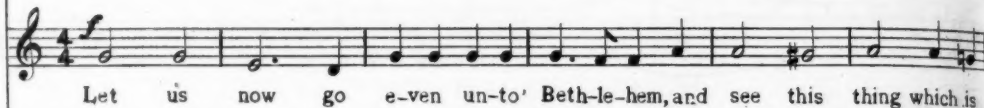


CHORUS.

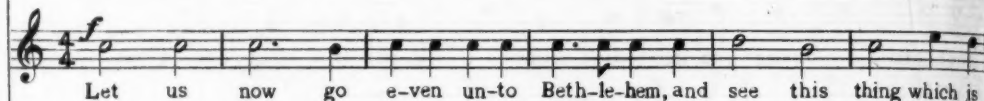
Soprano.



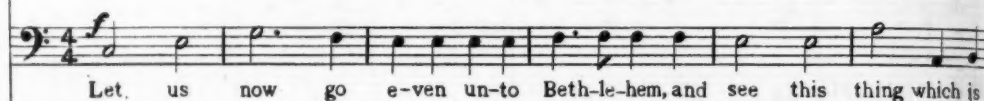
Alto.



Tenor.



Bass.



Organ



come to pass, Which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un - to

come to pass, Which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un - to

come to pass, Which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un - to

come to pass, Which the Lord hath made known, hath made known un - to

us which the Lord hath made known un - to us let us

us which the Lord hath made known un - to us let us

us which the Lord hath made known un - to us let us

us which the Lord hath made known un - to us let us go let us

now let us now go e - ven un - to Beth - le - hem, and see this

now let us now go e - ven un - to Beth - le - hem, and see this

now let us now go e - ven un - to Beth - le - hem, and see this

now let us now go e - ven un - to Beth - le - hem, and see this

thing which is come to pass let us go let us

thing which is come to pass let us go let us go let us go let us

thing which is come to pass let us go let us go let us go let us

thing which is come to pass let us go let us go

go let us now e-ven go un-to Beth-le-hem let us
 go let us now e-ven go un-to Beth-le-hem let us go let us
 go let us now e-ven go un-to Beth-le-hem let us go let us
 let us now e-ven go un-to Beth-le-hem let us go

go let us go let us now e-ven go un-to
 go let us go let us go let us now e-ven go un-to
 go let us go let us go let us now e-ven go un-to
 let us go let us now e-ven go un-to

Beth-le-hem And see this thing which is come to pass.
 Beth-le-hem And see this thing which is come to pass.
 Beth-le-hem And see this thing which is come to pass.
 Beth-le-hem And see this thing which is come to pass.

rall.
ff
ff
ff
rall.
rall.
rall.
rall.

Pedal

Organ as in opening Sym:

"LUTE" 83.

7

a tempo

rall. *dim.*

QUARTETT (unaccompanied)

mf *Andante Religioso*

How beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the

How beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the

How beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the

How beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the mountains are the

$\text{♩} = 72$

feet of him that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lish-eth peace that

feet of him that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lish-eth peace that

feet of him that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lish-eth peace that

feet of him that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lish-eth peace that

pub-lish-eth peace; that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lisheth sal-va-tion; that

pub-lish-eth peace; that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lisheth sal-va-tion; that

pub-lish-eth peace; that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lisheth sal-va-tion; that

pub-lish-eth peace; that bring-eth good ti-dings, that pub-lisheth sal-va-tion; that

saith un-to Zi-on, Thy God reign-eth! how beau-ti-ful how

saith un-to Zi-on, Thy God reign-eth! how beau-ti-ful how

saith un-to Zi-on, Thy God reign-eth! how beau-ti-ful how

saith un-to Zi-on, Thy God reign-eth! how beau-ti-ful how

beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains are the feet of him that

beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains are the feet of him that

beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains are the feet of him that

beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful up-on the moun-tains are the feet of him that

pub-lish-eth peace how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful.

pub-lish-eth peace how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful.

pub-lish-eth peace how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful.

pub-lish-eth peace how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful how beau-ti-ful.

CHORUS.

Break forth in-to joy, Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah break

Break forth in-to joy, Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah break

Break forth in-to joy, Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah break

Break forth in-to joy, Hal-le-lu-jah hal-le-lu-jah break

Full Organ
ff Maestoso

forth in - to joy sing to - gether, sing to - gether, ye waste
 forth in - to joy sing to - gether, sing to - gether, ye waste
 forth in - to joy sing to - gether, sing to - gether, ye waste
 forth in - to joy sing to - gether, sing to - gether, ye waste

Full Sw: partly closed

pla-ces of Je - ru - sa-lem: sing to - ge - ther, ye pla-ces for the
 pla-ces of Je - ru - sa-lem: sing to - ge - ther, ye pla-ces,
 pla-ces of Je - ru - sa-lem: sing to - ge - ther, ye pla-ces,
 pla-ces of Je - ru - sa-lem: sing to - ge - ther, ye pla-ces,

Swell Dia

Lord hath com - fort-ed hath com - fort-ed His peo - ple
 Choir Diapasons, Gamba & Flute
 Diapasons, principal & Oboe
 PEDAL

He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa -

mf -lem, for the Lord hath com - fort-ed hath com - fort-ed His

mf for the Lord hath com - fort-ed hath com - fort-ed His

mf for the Lord hath com - fort-ed hath com - fort-ed His

mf for the Lord hath com - fort-ed hath com - fort-ed His

peo - ple, He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa -

peo - ple, He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa -

peo - ple, He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa -

peo - ple, He hath re - deem - ed Je - ru - sa -

-lem let us now go e-ven un-to Beth-le-hem, and see this
 -lem let us now go e-ven un-to Beth-le-hem, and see this
 -lem let us now go e-ven un-to Beth-le-hem, and see this
 -lem let us now go e-ven un-to Beth-le-hem, and see this

Swell Great Organ, Increase to $\text{♩} = 160$
cresc.

PEDAL

thing which is come to pass yea see this thing which is come to pass. *rall.*
 thing which is come to pass yea see this thing which is come to pass. *rall.*
 thing which is come to pass yea see this thing which is come to pass. *rall.*
 thing which is come to pass yea see this thing which is come to pass. *rall.*

Full Organ

PEDAL.



this



this



this



this



pass.



pass.



pass.



pass.



FRANCESCO SINGER



FRANCESCO BERGER.

No
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